A DIALOGUE
BETWIXT
LEWIS and the DEVIL
In the Laſt Year of His PUISSANCE:
WITH HIS
Laſt Will and Teſtament.

Severe on ye french King
13. Sept. 1690.

LEWIS.

WHat ſhrill and eccho'd Groans poſſeſs my Soul?
And what curs'd Fiends my Spirits thus controul?
Sure the Dog *Cerberus* begins to howl.

DEVIL.

Make haſte away, I have prepared room
In burning Flames, for Thee to have thy doom;
Ne'er trifle, for thy fatal Hour is come.

LEWIS.

Am I not *Lewis*, King of great Renown,
Who all curs'd Hereticks did trample down?
Who dare withſtand my Diadem and Crown?

DEVIL.

Thou muſt ſubmit, both Soul and Body too,
And leave behind thee all thy Popiſh Crew:
Thy Pomp muſt drop into the Shades below,
And thy curs'd Pride muſt have an Overthrow:
Thou ſtraight along to Hell muſt with me flee,
There end thy Days in endleſs miſery.

LEWIS.

Didſt thou not promiſe to prolong my Years,
And keep me free from Jealouſies, and Fears?
My bloody Hands thou giveſt power to ſpill
The Blood of Hereticks, even at my Will.
Shall not thy deareſt Friend eſcape thy Rage?
Will nothing but my Blood thy Wrath aſſwage?
I took thee as a Friend, therefore forbear
To hinder me in my Enjoyments here.

DEVIL.

Didſt thou expect that I ſhou'd take the pains
To help thee in thy Plots, and have no gains?

LEWIS.

My Diadem and Crown I'll freely give
For to eſcape Eternity, and live.

DEVIL.

How canſt thou live on Earth, and never dye?
Canſt thou eſcape a vaſt Eternity?
No ſure! therefore make haſte, and come away,
Thy Soul and Body ſhall my Ranſome pay;
In Hell's conſuming Fire there ſhalt thou be
Tormented ſtill with Viper's cruelty.

LEWIS.

Since I no longer with thee can prevail;
Since all my worldly Power begins to fail:
Since I have left no time for to repent
My Sins; here's my laſt Will and Teſtament.

The WILL.

Unto my Heir I Crown and Scepter leave,
And my Tyrannick Actions do bequeath
To him, that he may ne'er delight in Peace,
But daily Wars and Rumours may increaſe;
That he his Subjects may oppreſs with Fear,
And all the Hereticks in pieces tear:
And when has laid his Kingdom all in gore,
Be hurried hence unto the Stygian ſhore,
And there enjoy me, who am gone before.

To *Jemmy* I bequeath a Prince of *Wales*;
And would another, but my Vigour fails:
But hope my Son and Heir ſo kindly prove,
To dandle *Molly* in the Charms of Love.

My *Subject*'s Curſes to the Pope I leave;
And thus my Worldly Goods I do bequeath,
My ſtinking Tomb an Epitaph needs none,
Since Soul and Body to the Devil's gone.

FINIS.

LONDON: Printed by *John Wallis*, near the *Green Dragon* Tavern in *Fleet-ſtreet*.

Some BOOKS *lately Printed for* Richard Baldwin.

I. THe Character of a *Trimmer* : His Opinion of, 1. The Laws and Government. 2. Proteſtant Religion. 3. The Papiſts. 4. Foreign Affairs. By the Honourable Sir *William Coventry*. The third Edition carefully corrected and cleared from the Errors of the firſt Impreſſion.

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V. The Addreſs given in to the late King *James*, by the titular Archbiſhop of *Dublin*, from the general Meeting of the Romiſh Biſhops and Clergy of *Ireland*, held in *May* laſt, by that King's order ; wherein ſeveral things relating to the Popiſh Deſigns upon theſe three Kingdoms are diſcovered, the Original whereof was found in the late King *James*'s Cloſet, in the Caſtle of *Dublin*, at his leaving that City : and the Copy whereof was found in the titular Archbiſhop's Lodgings. Now publiſhed with Reflections on each Paragraph.